The Bystander, April 3, 1918.—No. 748. Vol. LVIII.

The BYSTANDER

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS ON THE WORLD WAR — AND ON THOSE WHO WAGE IT WISELY AND OTHERWISELY

Standing the Test

Last week the country stood the test of endurance of the grave news of the German advance almost as well as the brave troops who were fighting what amounted to a colossal rear-guard action with such splendid and self-sacrificing courage and tenacity. And this is not to belittle in the least the work of the soldiers. Soldiers are expected to be brave, and they are. But civilians, especially civilians with hope deferred, do at times take gloomy and panicky views. But not this time. There has been all through a note of confidence that the counter-measures already taking place will prove thoroughly effective. Instead of an increasing flood of Pacifist talk, the defeatists have kept almost unbroken silence; and the workers have set their lips tight and buckled to to replace the material of war necessarily abandoned in the retirement.

"The Blow that Will End the War" (?)

For this steadiness in the face of apparent misfortune two things that lie at the back of the Briton's mind are chiefly responsible. The first is that, however bad things may look, or even be, they were far worse in the autumn of 1914; and if we could stick it then we can stick it now. The second, that Germany has thrown down the glove direct to the British. It is the British against whom they aim their blow: it is the British Army (though no longer do they call it "contemptible") that they are out to roll up and destroy. And that, they say, will be the end of the war. Even now they have no more knowledge of the Briton's psychology than they had in the beginning. Even if Britain stood alone that would not end the war. Very far from it. And she does not stand alone.

"Their Tails Well Up"

Just how much our troops in their retirement owed to the airmen will, perhaps, never be known, and certainly never be told. The work of the Air Force was more than magnificent. Every conceivable form of activity was theirs, from bombing the enemy's supply trains and swooping down and firing point-blank into the dense masses of advancing infantry to giving word of the direction of the new lines of attack and preventing hostile aircraft from harassing our own men. Their commander tells us that "their tails were well up," and it is not difficult to believe him, for they must have had full knowledge of what their gallantry and daring meant to their hard-pressed comrades below. Well done, Air-men!

Light Rations

The new gas and electricity Order came into operation yesterday. As usual it will press most hardly on those who have been patriotic enough in the past not to waste gas and electric light, while those who have been spend-thrifts in it will now have an ample margin. This inequality of incidence was inevitable because of the Governmental craze for the "voluntary" system in everything. But it is rather hard luck on the willing to have to pay for the extravagance of those who would never do anything until they were compelled. And the extension of the Order throughout the country must be put in hand without further delay.

THE KAISER: "How many prisoners up to now, Hindy?"
HINDENBURG (*boisterously*): "A hundred thousand, Sire"
THE KAISER: "And our losses—what of them? Sh-sh! not so loud this time! Walls have ears!"

A Royal 'Bus-Rider

The king of one of the devastated countries paid a visit to London quite a short while ago. Dressed in clothes that he had worn before war broke out on us, he was not even recognised by those of his own refugee people with whom he mingled in our streets, and he made frequent use of the London 'bus. Not for an instant was he out of sight and protection of our wonderful secret police. Some of our Ministers, on the other hand, give these gentlemen quite

(*Continued on page 8*)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

unnecessary anxiety, and apparently take a keen pleasure in their attempts to give them the slip. This was quite a recognised "game" in peace time, but it is at the least inconsiderate under existing conditions.

A Freak Election

If the appeal to the country should come during the present year it will be a very remarkable contest. Certainly there will be an amazing lack of paper. Now paper is the raw material of politics. During a normal election many millions of leaflets litter the country. It is doubtful whether any large part of that bombardment will be possible during war, and perhaps there may even be no paper for this purpose at all. How, then, are the rival parties to state their views? It is believed that the cinema will be the chosen medium—in spite of the fact that picture frequenters are not very considerably of the voter class. One shrewd anticipator holds the view that the country will vote "blind," and for anyone who does not belong to Parties already discredited and whose own personal record is politically a clean slate.

MINER: "Right oh, matey! I'm comin' anyhow—whoever stops behind!"

"The Economic Weapon"

To what extent can we support our armies in the field in their fight for victory by using the battering-ram of the economic thrust? Our soldiers and sailors have too often had to make supreme sacrifices to pull the politicians through: why cannot the politicians now help the fighting men by telling Germany of the economic punishment we will sentence her to if she continues the war. The National Party's proposal to impose a whole year of boycott of German goods for every month she continues fighting after a definite date is likely to attract immense support. The old political gangs are too hesitating to adopt it; but probably the virility of the new Party will bring them to the point of action.

Charity as a Profession

The Government's control of our immense War Charities has been pitiably weak. Some years have passed since Mr. Herbert Samuel, the then Home Secretary, was profoundly unsympathetic to the late Duke of Norfolk's deputation to him. The subsequent registration of charities was grudgingly provided and has proved to be ridiculously inadequate for the protection of the generous public. What we want, and should be given at once, is stern action in the matter of salaries, commissions, and unjustifiable expenditure. No charity that exceeds a 5 per cent. basis for administration in every form should be permitted to carry on. Not a few of the existing funds merely take money from subscribers to pay it away to interested promoters. An official statement of the names of recipients and the amounts they take would be as revealing as it would be salutary.

The Long-Distance Gun

It is cold comfort for the people of Paris, who have been so unpleasantly surprised by shells dropping upon them from a gun or guns seventy or more miles away, to read the papers and find out that they had no business to be astonished at a little thing like that. The *Temps* tells them how a Russian named Chilowsky invented the thing a year ago, and submitted it to the French Government without success. The *Daily Express* digs up the *Deutsche Tageszeitung* of November 1914, describing Professor Birkeland's electric gun, which would easily fire across the Channel, or, for that matter, a thousand miles. *The Daily Chronicle* waxes eloquent over a gun of tremendous range invented some years ago by Mr. W. Simpson, a Scottish metallurgist; and the *Daily Mail* (nothing if not scientific) describes exactly how the thing is worked, and (with that desire for scrupulous accuracy so characteristic of the paper) says that the gun-barrel is 250 feet long.

Words of Wisdom from the Great

And if the Parisians still don't feel competent to form a final judgment as to how they are being hit, they have only to read the deliciously naïve remarks of a writer in the *Pall Mall*, who gravely relates that he understands that "it is the view of the Inventions Department of one of our great Ministries that such a weapon is quite feasible"! "Feasible" is good. How the brain does rise to the top of the head sometimes, doesn't it? I like the portentous and ponderous wisdom which assumes the possibility of an already accomplished fact. Some day, with luck, some of these people will see an aeroplane actually flying—and the shock will do them in!

Unter den Hinden(burg)

KAISER *(in his very latest Apostle-cum-Death's-head-Hussar Costume)*: "I say, you know, you fellows might just let me have a look at the maps or something—will you? You see, I've told several people that it's *my offensive*. After all, Hindy, I've given you the Iron Cross *with Rays*"

HINDENBURG: "Wie? Ach, ja! That'll be all right, Majesty. I'll see that you get all the discredit later on"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

Why is it Germany's Gun?

BUT all the explanations don't explain why it is not the Allies who have got the gun, but the Germans. That explanation lies in the age-long history of the struggles of inventors with hide-bound Government Officials. The natural attitude of the Government Official to suggestions involving novelty is either that the thing is an impossibility (*vide* the early history of aviation) or that it has never been done before, and that therefore precedent forbids it. In either case, Government money is very seldom forthcoming for the inventor who wants to put his inventions at the disposal of his own country, with the result that he either dies in disappointment and beggary, or sells his invention in despair to some nation more in sympathy with the possibilities of applied science; and, later on, the original people find out that, after all, "the thing is quite feasible."

"Wireless"

THE riddles of "Wireless" are many, I'm sure,
But the greatest appears to be how to keep pure;
For scandal of some kind seems certain to touch
All who in the finance of it meddle too much.
The reason? The proverb will tell you, my child:
"You cannot touch pitch without being defiled";
And as "Wireless" on "pitch" is so largely dependent
—It makes one man plaintiff, another defendant.

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE."

Illustrations by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *April* 1, 1918.

DEAR COUSIN—

A TENSE and terrible Eastertide. Alas! how the times change, how war colours even spring with bitterness! Easter was our great spring festival—we celebrated with uplifted hearts the miracle of new life, the re-birth of earth's loveliness, the joy of green things growing. The Easter days were holy days, for the long, dark winter of our discontent was over and our portion henceforth was sunshine and blue skies and life—more life everywhere!

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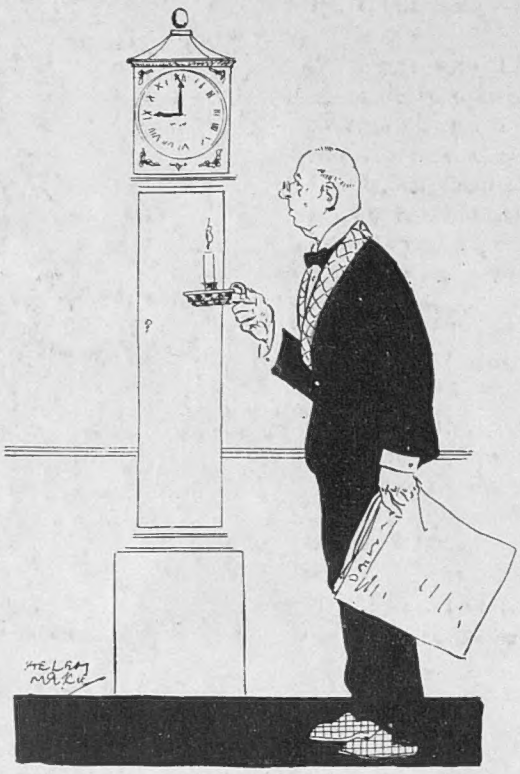
BUT now! Spring has come bringing not life, but death: not joy, but sorrow—mixed with a pride so deep and vast that it stays from falling even our useless tears. Oh, the marvel of the heroism of our fighting men in these last awful days of conflict! Never, say those who saw, have British arms so superbly met such an overwhelming test. The spirit of our troops defies all the language of praise. The heroic gunners served their batteries until the enemy swept over them. They saw the enemy streaming past them, and knew that they were cut off, but they would not retreat.



LIGHT RATIONS

"Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, and wealthy, and wise";
And the truth of this Early Victorian motto
We soon shall discover, because we have *got to!*

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AND there is that story—only one among a thousand epics of gallantry—of the last stand of the Seaforths. A single battalion covered the withdrawal of a whole Highland Division, and, in spite of the oncoming hordes, stuck to their position to the very end with enemy field-guns firing at them at point-blank range. Only a few men came back after that deed of glorious endurance.

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HERE, spring, buoyant and beautiful, pregnant with promise—out there, our men falling and dying, making the supreme sacrifice without a thought of self, only for England. . . .

We who are left, how shall we look again
Happily on the sun or feel the rain,
Without remembering how they who went
Ungrudgingly and spent
Their lives for us, loved, too, the sun and rain?

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AS I read of our troops in the great battle I read, too, side by side with the correspondents' messages, of the amazement of a certain patriot at the obliviousness of the country to the war during the last three months—"certain aspects of which will amaze future historians." But I record with satisfaction that in those first days of the battle, anyway, there was just a *little* less indifference, just a little more awe, just a little silence as, so near and yet so far away, we listened to the flutter of Death's wings.

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OF course, the amusements of the people must not be interfered with, not even when the great crisis is upon us, when every hour and every minute brings us nearer to decisions that will colour the whole world, when every day in every heart the question sounds: Stands England where she did? And so we "carried on." On the very day that the great Western battle started there were strikes, or nearly strikes, as usual—the A.S.E. threatening to down tools this very week as a protest against the Man Power Act; and, just so's to be in the movement, I believe London's tailors also "came out"—no doubt as a protest against those overwhelming masses of "woman-power" who *will* order new costumes for Easter.

(*Continued on page 12*)

Now 'summer time's" here we'll be fearfully late
If we haven't quite finished our breakfast by eight;
Oh! the parting from bed a most horrible wrench is—
Still, they're up a long time before us *in the trenches.*

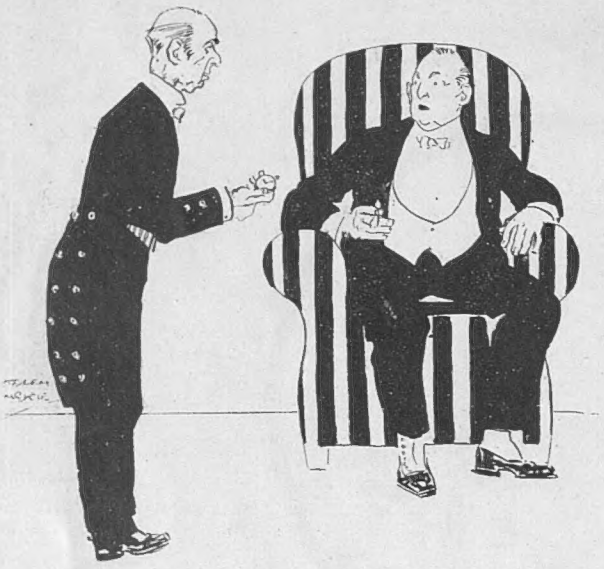
"The Gamecocks"

One of the many Divisional Concert Parties who have done so much to cheer up men weary in battle on the Western front

(Note the admirable make-up, as a girl, of the young soldier immediately above the lowest figure of the group)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded)

THE theatres, music-halls, concerts, picture-shows, restaurant-parties, weddings, and even the "little dances" also went bravely on—an example to the nations, isn't it, our superb nonchalance at the parting of the ways? And, talking of our oblivion



And if Stanley and "Dora" their forces combine
To send us to bed at a quarter past nine—!
No auction, no supper, no whisky, no plays!
What a jolly look-out for the rest of our days!

to war's alarums and excursions, what put the tin hat on *everything*, some people thought, was the race for the Grand National at Gatwick—also on the very same day on which hell broke out more awfully than ever in the land of the Valley of the Shadow.

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HE who wrote to *The Times* to say that a visit to Victoria Station as the race trains were going out or coming in "makes one doubt if we ought to win the war" was perhaps a *little* too pessimistic. But the Gatwick of our fourth war-year does seem, all the same, fairly to have rung the bell in the way of impropriety, unsuitability, and flouting of the decencies.

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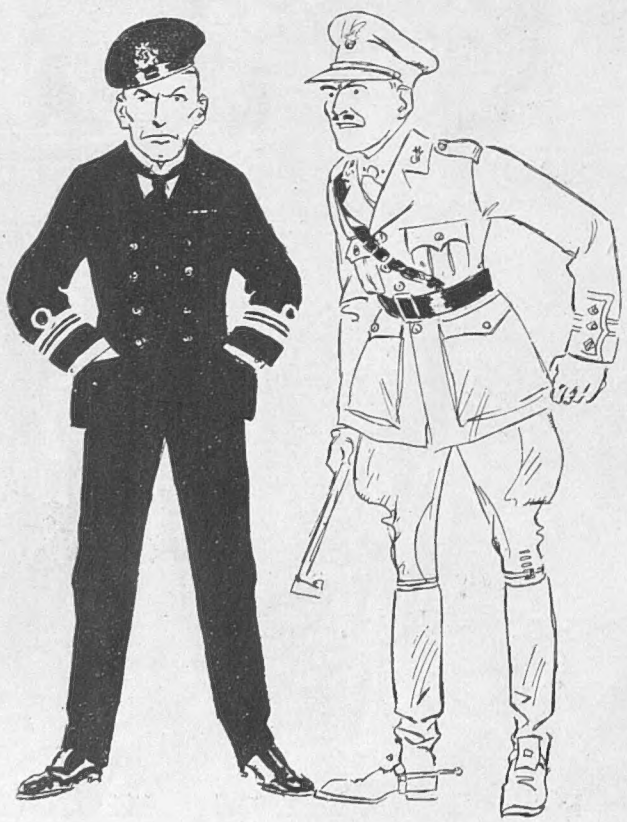
INDEED, if it hadn't been so scandalous it would almost have been amusing—the astounding contradictoriness of the whole thing! Only the night before Sir Albert Stanley had told the House of Commons that it was "essential and imperative" to reduce the consumption of coal. Yet they actually put on extra special fast trains to carry the Gatwick crowd in, and after all the talk about saving gas and petrol and not using motor cars for pleasure there were rows and rows and rows and rows of 'em shining in the clear March sunshine that helped to make this Grand National such a pleasant, peace-timey sort of outing. Heaven forbid that I should play the spoil-sport, but *really—is* this cricket?



We can all see the "Simple Life" looming before us,
And I hope it may suit the dear girls in the Chorus:
But the Army will rage, and the Navy will too,
If they come home and find not a single Revue!

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I'M not sure Sir Albert Stanley wouldn't have achieved a larger measure of popularity from the average citizen if he had stuck to the 9.30 which was the new Curfew hour as originally rumoured. People, on the whole, rather *like* to think they're helping to win the war by taking an hour or so extra in bed, you know. If it's really only necessary to cut down heating and lighting and coal and the rest for half an hour—well, the state of our supplies can't be anything like so bad as some of these Controller people would have us believe, can it?

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INDEED, the belief seems to be growing that penalising the patriotic is, on the whole, the chief business of the Controller, no matter what he controls. Take railway travelling. Having been implored not to travel for his country's sake, the patriot travels only when absolutely necessary; but more than one main line out of London has had its traffic doubled owing to the pressure of aliens fleeing from the air-raids. On the patriotic, the newest of the restrictions—only four-fifths of last year's gas and electric light to be allowed—will also press with undue heaviness. For already the patriotic citizen had voluntarily arrived at the l. c. m. of lighting, and to take away one-fifth of *that* will often leave him almost in darkness.

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BUT still, and withal, it's always good

. . . To be in England
Now that April's there!

The country's carpeted in loveliness, the trees all tipped with green—those that aren't holding myriads of oily little gold candles up to heaven—and in the air a faint perfume—is it wall-flowers, or only a southern wind carrying spring? Even here in London now it's *rather* nice. Crocus and scylla and tulips and daffodils and pretty V.A.D.'s and tabby "Stawf" officers and blue-clad wounded and expensive babies and priceless Pekes and new tight skirts in the Park, and even in the streets a breath of spring. It's all so lovely, but how much lovelier it would be if only there weren't a war.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE.

Birmingham Puts Her Back Into It

TANK ON CREST OF A HILL ON THE TESTING GROUND

THE PRESS GET VERY INTERESTED WATCHING THE TANKS

GIRLS AT WORK IN THE NATIONAL SHELL FACTORY

READY TO DRIVE THE TANK

GERMAN PRISONERS AT WORK ON A ROAD

INSPECTORS CHECKING THE SHELLS

PASSED BY CENSOR

Miss McKie's page of sketches helps us to realise how Birmingham is working in war-time. Birmingham's output is the very best stuff—stuff that will for ever remove the depreciatory adjective "Brummagem" from our dictionaries

The Sceptic

By HAROLD MURCH

IN the darkness of the dug-out the sudden flare of a lighted ma ch glowed vividly, transforming the crudely fashioned shelter into a place of mystery of leaping shadows and eerie masses of blackness. Corporal "Tug" Wilson applied the tip of his cigarette to the tiny flame, then leaned back in his corner, inhaling the smoke with deep satisfaction.

Private Williams, seated opposite on a deal box, stretched out a sinewy hand in mute appeal. The corporal surrendered the still burning match, and Williams proceeded to light up in like manner.

"After you with the light, Bills," drawled a lazy voice at his elbow; and, without thinking, Williams passed the dying flame to the third occupant of the dug-out.

"Tug" Wilson uttered a frantic cry of warning: "Don't, you fool! You're the third man!"

But Private Ernest Scott laughed cynically, and, despite the ill-luck which rumour attaches to the act of three men lighting up from one match, followed the others' example. Then, stretching his long limbs with luxurious abandon, he surveyed the spirally ascending cloud hovering in the blue haze above their heads, and replied:

"You fellows don't really believe that old maid's yarn, do you?"

"*I* do!" answered Williams, his long, rueful visage expressive of mournful resignation to his fate. "You remember old Tubby Parr? Well, he was the third to light up from one match—and in two hours he was dead! Got mixed up in a bomb explosion and had his stummick ripped open. I saw it," he added reminiscently.

"Well," replied Scott, "if Fate's going to get *me*, she'll have to get a move on! I start back to Blighty on leave to-morrow."

"Oh, you reckless idiot!" broke in Tug in shocked tones; "an' you go a-tempting Providence the night before!" He expressed his horror in a hollow groan.

"You see, I've got a mission in life," said Scott. "It's to bust up silly superstitions what fools like you an' Bills believe in. That's why I did it."

"You—you *atheist!*" groaned Bills vaguely. "An' not content with tryin' to get yourself killed, you go an' drag us in as well. If a shell was to drop on this little old show now, where would we be?"

A heavy gloom fell on the company, to be broken finally by the corporal.

"I says with the poet Milton—or was it Longfellow?—'There's more things in 'eaven an' earth, 'Amlet, than is dreamt of in your soliloquy.' An' what I says is . . . "

The rest of the corporal's eloquence died on his lips. Through the open door they saw, apparently on the Eastern horizon, a blaze of fire, which flashed and vanished with a reverberating roar.

The three men flung themselves on the ground with a promptness born of long experience. A whistling sound, at first faint and far away, swept upon the ear with increasing volume and incredible swiftness, to culminate in a frightful, nerve-shattering crash near by.

Instantly, as though awaiting the signal, the British artillery came into action. The air was full of unearthly sounds, and shrapnel fell in a ceaseless and pitiless hail.

. . . . . .

The artillery duel was over, its victims had been borne away, and all was quiet once more.

Private Scott turned to his companions.

"Well," he drawled, "what about your superstition now? Fate couldn't have found a better chance to crock me up, could she? So I 'ope you don't still believe . . . "

His discourse was interrupted by the entrance of an exceedingly grimy soldier whose sergeant's stripes were still just distinguishable.

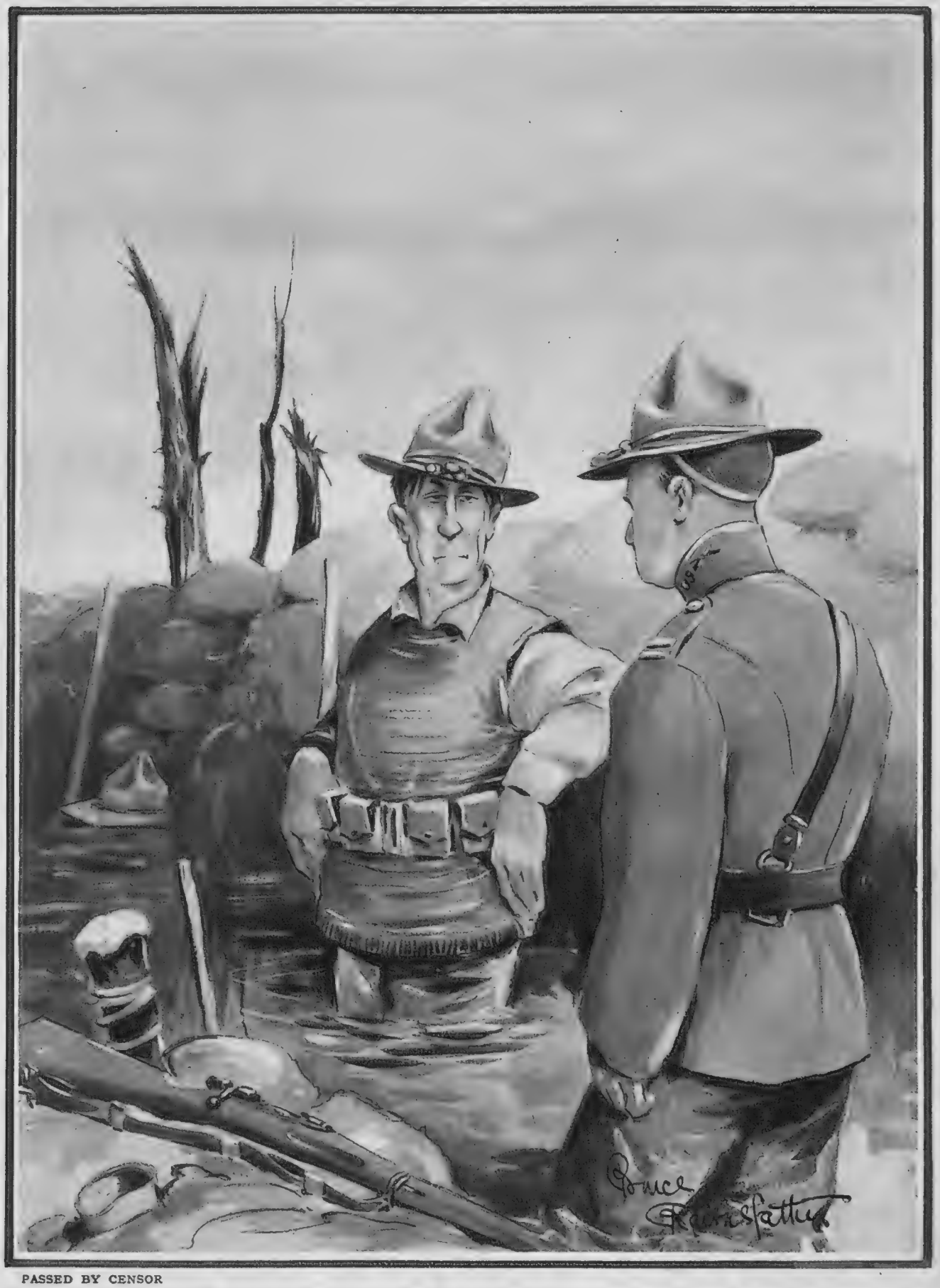
"Scott, you're down for leave to-morrow, aren't you? Sorry, but an order's just come through to stop all leave for the present. Hard luck, sonny—but it can't be helped. Ta-ta!"

The sergeant swung on his heel and vanished. The man with a mission stood glaring after him for several minutes before he attempted to express his feelings. Maybe Private Williams and the corporal had been gently nurtured, for by that time they too had vanished.

THE LABOUR PARTY. (No political allusion intended)

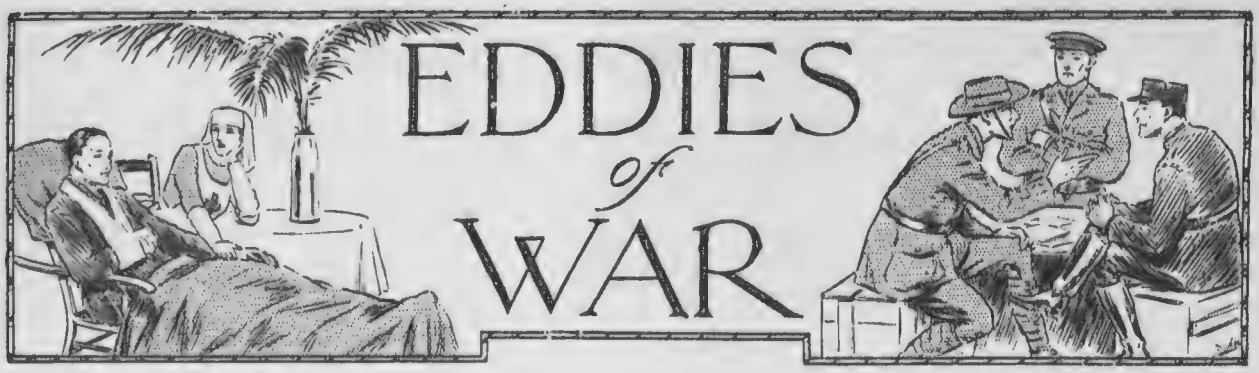
BAIRNSFATHER WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY

A Small Potato



PASSED BY CENSOR

"What's that hat doin' floatin' round there, sergeant?"
"I think that's Private Murphy sittin' down, sir"



SEVEN STAGES OF CURE. BY DELL LEIGH

BEING the peregrinations of my friend Jones with a pain in his jaw. Jones, you must understand, lives the greater part of his life in the air. He is an instructor of instructors—that is to say, he goes from this Aerodrome to that School of Instruction and swoops down from the skies, as a bird of ill omen, suddenly and with malice aforethought, to see, as he puts it, what "sort of a mess they are making of it." That he is a highly skilled and experienced pilot, that his age is twenty-four, and that he holds Field rank, is, perhaps, beside the mark, since he is a member of a Service wherein only the fittest survive. On one of his journeys recently to a distant aerodrome, Jones took out an old machine of somewhat obsolete pattern, wherein you sit, as it were, *above* things, and your face becomes thereby exposed unduly to wind and weather. Jones had previously been trying machines in which he could retire into "the office" and keep out of the draught. So that when he got home that night he had an aching jaw. The next morning (Sunday) the pain in the jaw was worse. It was not like toothache, and he knew his teeth were sound. It was a different and more threatening pain, which spread round the jaw and up under the left ear. So Jones dallied idly with the club breakfast and repaired him to his pet doctor-cum-pal in Harley Street. The butler, showing marked signs of having just struggled into his coat, informed him, with just that suspicion of hauteur common to raided butlers, that Mr. North was "haway for the week-end, sir."

⁂ ⁂

THERE was nothing for it, therefore, but to find another taxi, and journey across London to No. — Auxiliary Hospital, there to lay his aching jaw before the P.M.O. and take faint comfort therefrom. This being accomplished, and the pain having by this time increased, Jones wandered about innumerable echoing passages in search of the very elusive Principal Medical Officer. He found him eventually in his own garden (it being church time) bending over some queer looking bulbs under glass. He was openly annoyed at being disturbed at this pastime; and said so in the vernacular. However, he led Jones away into the dim recesses of the hospital, unlocking doors as he went. Arrived in his own particular sanctum, smelling strongly of last night's tobacco, he carefully examined the aching jaw, and said "Yee-es, but this is a job for a dentist, y'know—a dentist, yes."

⁂ ⁂

NOW Jones had also a tame dentist, living in the same street from whence he came originally; and another taxi was procured, after diligent search and thither he repaired, jaw in hand. A statuesque parlour-maid held the door open invitingly and Jones entered the mausoleum of a waiting room once again. In a few minutes she returned "I'm sorry, sir, but I can't find Master Frank anywhere: I think he must have gone riding."

"Master *Frank*?" enquired the astonished Jones.

"Yessir, wasn't it Master Frank you wanted? He was expecting an officer this morning."

"No, I want to see Mr. Ackworth."

"*Oh*," in a surprised voice, "'e always goes away over the week-end, sir, 'e don't practise on Sundays."

⁂ ⁂

BY this time Jones was becoming really angry. But there was nothing for it but to return, once more across London, to No. — Auxiliary, and descend upon the grower of bulbs. This he did, determined that *something* should be done to the jaw, even if it meant a slight stretch on the operating table. The health of the bulbs in the weak spring sunshine was still engaging the unremitting attention of their owner, when Jones saluted once more.

"What, back again! —why the ——?"

And Jones explained.

"Oh, well, I suppose I had better give you a prescription. Come on." More route marching over stone floors, and more easing of springs; followed by hieroglyphics, and a dashing signature, on Government notepaper.

Jones had, so to speak, bought his taxi by experience this time, and had kept it. He gave the address of a "day and night" chemist in Oxford Street.

A pale, cynical man put on a special pair of glasses and studied the prescription.

"I'm sorry, but I can't make this up for you; it's a military prescription. You must get it made up by the dispenser at the hospital you came from."

"Thanks *so* much," said Jones. "Good morning."

For the third time he entered the portals of No. —

"Oh, yes," said the dispenser of cures gruffly, "where's your bottle and cork?"

"Bottle and ——?" asked Jones meekly.

"Yes, haven't you brought a bottle and cork? Can't make it up without, you know."

"Well, to be perfectly candid with you," replied Jones in his best manner, "do you know this is the *only* morning I have come out *without* my bottle and cork! Now, isn't that annoying?"

. . . . . .

"But," I asked him, when he told me this across the dinner table, "what did you *do*?"

"Well," he replied, "funny thing is that by then the pain had almost gone; partly due to the effluxion of time, and partly due to the excitement of the chase."

But supposing it hadn't?

Military Misunderstandings

PASSED BY CENSOR

BRASS HAT: "Who the doose are you, sir? Are you attached to me?"
FUR COLLAR: "Very deeply, sir"

The Great Offensive

PASSED BY CENSOR

Cadet Smith Brown-Jones, on the conclusion of his course of instruction, has a very poor night on the eve of his examination

BOX O' TRICKS AT THE HIPPODROME

BY "JINGLE"
Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER

THE new entertainment at the London Hippodrome is a welcome addition to the gaiety of the metropolis, even though it be a gaiety confined for the most part, perhaps, to the light-hearted gentlemen in khaki. Harry Tate, who is the leading spirit of the fun, has seldom been in better form, while his impossible moustache is more irresponsible than ever. He first appears as a sort of Envoy Extraordinary to the Moon, which has rendered itself liable to a ten-shilling fine (and costs) for failing to screen its extremely prominent light. There is also a suggestion that the moon ought to enter the world-war on the side of the Entente, and it would certainly place at our disposal a handy spot from which our bomb-throwers could operate. They would simply have to sit on the edge of the moon and wait till Berlin or Potsdam drifted underneath in the ordinary course of the earth's diurnal spin round. I wonder it hasn't been thought of before. The Air Ministry ought to look into the matter—unless, of course, this sort of thing is the job of the Local Government Board, or the Education Department.

THE Germans must think us a strange race since we are able, apparently, to get fun out of even the most serious crises of our life. One of Mr. Tate's funniest scenes takes place on board a liner. He is the Nervous Passenger who apprehends an attack by torpedo every moment. Somewhere in the distant parts of the ship someone appears to be having a busy day with the champagne. The corks keep popping until Mr. Tate's highly strung nerves can stand the alarming noise no longer, and he is moved to protest, in the best prohibition style of oratory, against the shockingly intemperate habits of some of his fellow passengers. Then a boat is dragged on deck, and Mr. Tate sets about instructing his assistants in life-boat drill; and what they have to note before anything else is that he must get into the boat first, whatever happens. He shows them, with a fine alacrity, just how he will do it. As soon

(*Continued on page 20*)

AN IMPRESSION OF SHIRLEY KELLOGG

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

as they have jumped in after him, the boat, a tub-like affair, begins to rock about with a glorious recklessness. I am myself but an indifferently competent sailor, and after having seen the kind of motion that that boat was capable of, I came to the conclusion that it would probably be better to be torpedoed right away. It wouldn't last so long.

*

Miss Daphne Pollard is a humorist of the most energetic kind. She, as you might say, puts her back into her work. You can't help noticing it. In one scene she is a poor downtrodden servant girl at the mercy of a bullying mistress; but the convulsive changes of war turn the tables for her most happily She becomes the Colonel, or something like that, of a regiment of ladies, while her former mistress is only one of the rank and file. This is a little bit of heaven upon earth that falls, alas! to so few of us. If only my editor—but let us leave these idle dreams. The drilling of the ladies is of rare excellence, and seemed to delight the real soldiers in the house very much. When one man, at the height of a very complicated series of evolutions, shouted out a word of command on his own account, and the ladies briskly executed it, apparently by a coincidence, the cheering was delightfully wild.

*

The usual galaxy of beauty, known, I believe, as the Hippodrome Beauty Chorus, is as flourishing as ever, with Miss Shirley Kellogg very properly at its head. Miss Kellogg's happiest effort is in a scene representing a Japanese dwarf garden—and everything Japanese is, of course, very dear to us at the moment—which is quite an invigorating orgie of colour and refined taste. Another of Miss Kellogg's successes is presented in the form of an Early Victorian miniature, with the lady herself at the spinet, and both the song and the setting are singularly beautiful.

*

Mr. Tate has been able to replace at least one of his assistants who have doubtless been called away to act another and a sterner part elsewhere. The office boy at the "Inventions Bureau" is a youthful humorist who is obviously amenable to Mr. Tate's careful training. Nowadays the office boy is an important person, and in this revue we are not allowed to forget it. If Mr. Tate should ever think of reviving his famous motor-car sketch (say with a Tank, in order to move with the times) I should say he can give his new boy a good part with every confidence. *Box o' Tricks* ought to be a very satisfactory enterprise from the business manager's point of view. It is quite as splendidly mounted as any of its predecessors, and in respect of genial and welcome humour it is even more liberally supplied than usual. It should be an easy favourite with our friends in khaki who have the luck to be home on leave. Jingle.

THE PROPRIETOR AND HIS OFFICE BOY

Invitation

Photograph *Malcolm Arbuthnot*

MISS HEATHER FEATHERSTONE

Now delighting crowded houses at the Adelphi Theatre in "The Boy"

BAIRNSFATHER ON THE ITALIAN FRONT.

Here T

PASSED BY CENSOR

"This 'ere country's a bit too

ney Are

—— corrugated for me, Bert "

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Where There is no Right of Sanctuary

(Official Photograph)

Our pictures show the removal of valuable sacred pictures, statues, and other objects from a Church in Armentières during the intervals of Hun shell-fire.

Buddell's Bivouac

By A. W. THOMSON

If you except the camel and the aeroplane, there are but two ways of transit up river in the Land of Plenty. One is by the river Cunarders, palatial steamers, which wallow in the luxuries of cabins, tin baths, and fresh mutton, and the other by a rag-time type of paddle-boat, which Old Thing calls the Robert E. Lee class, because (as he observes) you can see them shuffling along. Realising the hardihood of our splendid young frames, the gods decreed that we should travel by the world's worst paddle-boat, and after many Blondin-like performances with our baggage we boarded the lugger. Our trio was augmented by the addition of quite the youngest thing known in subalterns, a lad of boyish beauty and astonishing ingenuousness.

"His verdant youthfulness will bring a breath of freshness into our grim lives," said Buddell, evincing a sentiment which sounded well coming from a hard-bitten, war-worn veteran of twenty-two.

"Buddell and I jeered"

"He'll bring a thick ear into your grim face if you talk like that," said the lad rudely.

We laid out our beds under a scarcely opaque awning on the forward promenade deck—there wasn't another—and sat on them, drinking hot cocoa and discussing the horrors of a rainless summer. The climate, sitting somewhere up above with its tongue in its cheek, chuckled malignantly and waited until we were asleep. Then it deluged rain upon us as if it had lost the stop-cock. I awoke with the impression that I had been washed overboard and was floating gaily down stream. I was scarcely relieved to find myself rolling at anchor in a not very miniature lake of rain-water.

I aroused Old Thing. "Get up," I said. "Your clothes are soaking."

"Make a better crease in the trousers," he grunted, and withdrew his head under cover.

Dawn broke, gusty and cheerless. Buddell, clad in severely classical garb—his only dry garments—gritted his teeth. "This shall not occur again," he said, fiercely determined. "This may be Noah's country, but I don't intend that the wet winds of heaven shall visit my head too roughly to-night."

"Going to dig in?" inquired Old Thing.

"I'm going to make what my man calls a bivouac. Old Toc and I will share it. You and little Clarence here had better start a show on your own."

"Right," said Old Thing, "come along, Chota." They rigged up a neat lean-to out of two ground sheets and lay in it cosily until a sudden bend in the river discounted their fortification and caused the rain to attack them from the rear. Laboriously they re-erected the shelter to counteract this, and at the moment of completion a further twist in the ship's course brought the rain and wind in upon them again from its original quarter. Buddell and I jeered. Old Thing swore. Chota used words that a boy of his age ought not to have known.

"We are about to construct an edifice," said Buddell grandiloquently, "on which the elements will beat in vain. It will not be a victim of vagaries in navigation. By the mere manipulation of a head-rope I shall be able to turn it to face any wind in any quarter. Look alive, Toc. Heave out the waterproof sheets and lace them together."

With the aid of an old skewer and some spun yarn I performed dark deeds of needlecraft, and having anchored the lower edge of the shelter to two stanchions I levered the other end over one of the beams that supported the awning. "Now stretch her," commanded Buddell. We took a corner each and pulled.

"Heave!" cried Buddell.

I heaved.

"Heave like anything!"

I heaved like anything. With a horrid screeching sound the sheets parted company. I shot back against a bulkhead. Buddell flew into the scuppers and his topee flew into the river. It was now the turn of Old Thing and Chota to sit on the rails and cheer our efforts with ill-timed ribaldry. A flapping ground-sheet is a wily and treacherous foe. It entices you near, strikes you in the face, whirls round, raps your tingling knuckles and finally trips you up. Rising gingerly, Buddell attacked the fiendish thing with caution. I hung on the outskirts of the battle like a scrum-half, well-meaning but impotent. Choking with laughter, our unfeeling friends clung to the rails.

"Go it, Bud; tackle him low!"

"Try the bunny-hug!"

"Clinch, man, clinch!"

Buddell clinched. Hampered as he had been in the open, in-fighting gave him a distinct advantage. Grappling manfully he secured it amid ironic applause.

(All rights strictly reserved)

(Continued on page 30)

"BUDDELL'S BIVOUAC" (*concluded*)

The other end succumbed to superior strategy and the shelter held. Then he set out a bewildering network of ropes and tackle, whilst Old Thing gleefully recited apposite passages from "The Bard" and "The Lady of Shallot." The resultant scheme gave one the impression of the main junction of some gigantic overhead tramway system. He absently wiped his glasses on the end of a blanket.

"Now who has the grin?" he crowed.

"When the wind blows the cradle will rock. I simply haul on this rope, and round the whole show comes out of the wind. If the wind changes, very good. A second slight tension, and—*voila!*" The bivouac performed all these evolutions with exemplary obedience. Its author and producer beamed.

"You've been a broken reed in helping me," he said kindly, "but all is forgiven. Come in and be snug." With sincere gratitude I accepted this gracious offer.

The first part of the night was spent in delicious comfort, but a momentary change of wind sent a stinging shower of rain into our faces. We both rose, sleepy and ill-tempered. "Haul that rope round, growled Buddell. I lugged viciously at the first rope I saw, and with a crash the whole structure collapsed on our beds. We emerged from the wreckage, sticking out our heads into the pouring rain.

"You goop!" he roared. "You jumping, gibbering jackass! What in the name of Moses did you do that for?"

"What in the name of Aaron did you leave a loose end for?"

Drenched and wretched we glared at each other. To complete the tale of our misery we could see across the river the slim outline of a Cunarder steamboat; it was passing us at a good speed and flaunting light, warmth, and comfort in our sorrowing faces.

"See that?" he said. "There goes a warm bed and a good supper. I've a jolly good mind to have an unfortunate accident."

"What do you mean?"

"Fall into the river and get picked up."

"Why don't you," I sneered, "You wouldn't get much wetter."

"I will," said Buddell. "Farewell. It is a far, far better 'ole that I——"

Splash!

Was I going to return to my bedraggled couch with the thought of Buddell being put into a cosy bed by sympathetic rescuers? The game of accidents could well be played by two. With a realistic yell of "man overboard!" I flopped in. Panting and puffing I came up with Buddell, who, whilst skilfully treading water, was giving a clever impersonation of a drowning man. He had already attracted the attention of several people aboard the steamer.

"Good Lord!" he gurgled, "what do you think you're doing?"

"I'm rescuing you," I said.

"You rescue me!" Words could not express the disgust that Buddell must have felt, for he can do his five miles in comfort, whereas I swim like an elephant and fifty yards towels me completely.

"Courage, comrade," I grinned, "I will never desert you."

"You blighter! You —— ouch!" I skilfully seized his neck and dragged him under.

Meanwhile the two boats were working themselves into a frenzy of excitement. Engines stopped. Sirens hooted frantically. Ropes, lifebelts, and advice were hurled at us promiscuously.

"Hold him up! Hold him up!" cried warning voices. "Don't let him struggle!" I stopped his struggles by systematic ducking. As a rescue it was quite unique. Gradually I steered him alongside and we were hauled aboard.

The ship's doctor stretched Buddell out on deck and commenced violent ju-jitsu exercises upon him. A crowd of admirers gathered round me applauding my gallantry.

"I must congratulate you on your plucky act," said the officer commanding troops, a genial, kindly major of Indian Infantry.

"How did the accident happen?"

"I hardly know, sir. He was leaning against the rails and must have overbalanced."

"We'll put him to bed," said the major, "and I'll have the dinghy got ready to take you back. You must get back and change at once." I looked at Buddell. The unsuspecting doctor was forcing a flask between his lips. The wretched impostor sat up.

"Where am I?" he murmured.

"You're all right," said the doctor, "don't worry."

"I don't think I ought to leave him," I said pathetically.

"Oh, he'll be looked after splendidly," replied the major touched at my reluctance to leave; "but there is no need to wait. I'm sure you must want to get to bed. Here's the dinghy."

I lowered myself into it raging. As I turned I saw the prostrate form of Buddell. I could have sworn that he winked solemnly. And so I returned to my own dismal, soaking bed.

Three days afterwards I met Buddell in camp.

"I have to thank you for your brave rescue," he mocked. "How splendid of you."

"Shut up!" I growled.

"They were so kind to me on the boat. I lived the life of a Sybarite. I had the best cabin, and dined with the major. He's a topper!"

"Going to marry his daughter?" I asked bitterly.

"He thinks you're a splendid fellow. He's going to recommend you for the Humane Society's medal."

"Medal!" I said with increasing bitterness. "I did society an incalculable wrong by rescuing you. I ought to be shot. But I'll jolly well drown you next time,"

I will, too.

A. W. Thomson

THE REAL SHORTAGE

There's a shortage of butter, a shortage of meat,
A shortage of all that is dainty to eat.
A shortage of labour, and also of clothes,
What there isn't a shortage of—Heaven alone knows.
But of none of these shortages do we complain,
What we really deplore is the shortage of Brain.

Haldin Davis

Out of His Reckoning

GHOST OF THE WICKED BARON: "Hence, Varlet! The hour of midnight approaches, let us to our ghostly vigil."

VARLET: "Not so, my lord—summer time begins earlier this year!"

Shrapnel Pars

SIR ERIC GEDDES has recently been described by an admirer as a "true sailor." A regular Sir Joseph Porter, we presume.

A MILKMAN fined for selling watered milk said that a large snowball fell in it. Fancy a man like that wasting his time on a milk round when Government Departments are at their wits' end to explain things.

IT seems a little hard that those who want their fortunes told have to visit their soothsayers by stealth and blush to find it fame. But there, one little wizard can steal a march while another may not look at a pack of cards.

LORD RHONDDA is being asked to fix the price of eggs. Desiring to be useful, we suggest: New Laid, 4*d*. With Feathers, 1½*d*.

MR. GEORGE MOORE asks: "Why not eat bass?" The answer is, because it would simply be drinking money.

JUDGE CLUER, at Shoreditch County Court, said that he knew so much about the Jewish race that he was qualified to become Lord Chief Justice of Jerusalem. Lord Chief Justice of anywhere, we should say.

FROM an advertisement in an agony column: "Urgent need of the nations; a divine government on earth." With a beautiful shilling blue-book just out, too!

TWO of the Bolshevists who signed the Brest-Litovsk surrender-treaty were too ignorant to write their names, for which they had to substitute a cross. These are the kind of men who make their mark in Russia nowadays!

TROTSKY indignantly accuses Japan of wanting to "divide" Russia. He himself has apparently not yet lost hope of being able to hand it over in a lump to Germany.

TINO'S annuity from the Greek Government has just been cut down to £20,000. But his account current with the Kaiser for services rendered will no doubt more than redress the balance.

ALL the employees of the Spanish postal service have been put under martial law. We suppose this was found to be the only way of keeping them at their posts.

MORE than 170,000 shop-assistants, we read, are now serving with the forces. And of those who remain at home, only a small minority, we fear, can correctly be described as belonging to the "civil" population.

VERY touching is the anxiety of Carmelite House to make us all revert to the primitive social habits of our forefathers. But does it *really* imagine that the "Simple Life" has any place in it for the *reading* of the *Daily Mail*?

TOY chickens, it is said, are this year to take the place of Easter eggs. We can hardly welcome this as an original idea, seeing how often real ones have been sold for eggs of the ordinary kind.

MR. BONAR LAW says that no members of Parliament have been paid for speaking at war-time meetings. That's all right; but the question still remains, What *have* they been paid for?

IN Holland they have just made summer-time a permanent institution. There have been not a few years in our happy country when we seem to have adopted a precisely opposite course.

"OH! MY GRANDMOTHER!"
In her time girls *would* be girls; but now girls *will* be men

"Put That Light Out!"

PASSED BY CENSOR

THE WATCHMAN AND THE AIR-RAID

Farmers All

BY ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

IT now appears that in the near future we are all to become farmers. The available food supply of the world will soon be reduced to a minimum, and there will have to be a general election to decide whether we prefer to farm or to starve. It seems fair to assume that the advocates of farming will be returned with at least a working majority. On the other hand, it has long been considered a cardinal truth among us that farming in this country does not pay. It looks, therefore, as if it will be for us to say whether we will go bankrupt first, or do a spell of unprofitable farming and then file our national petition.

❊

OUR scientists have recently felt called upon to remind us that farming is a highly-skilled industry. It requires an acquaintance with chemistry and botany, and, I presume, a good working knowledge of the three R's as well. Also a moderate proficiency in the noble art of self-defence. I have inferred this last item of the curriculum as the result of having once seen a farmer milk a goat. The milker and the goat began by walking round each other in the approved fashion; and then the goat suddenly put its head at half-cock as it were, and forced the fighting. It took about three brisk rounds to convince the poor deluded creature that brute force is no match for superior science; and after that she stood and sobbed quietly to herself while her children's food was being wrung from her by an alien hand. That farmer may have been an expert at chemistry and agriculture, but I am convinced that it was his fascinating handiness with his left that got the milk.

❊

THE trouble is that farming is a science that can only be mastered by long experience extending over many years; and since all the experienced men have gone to the wars, the rest of us are to be called in to build Rome in a day. Personally, I shall be only too pleased to be called up as an agricultural conscript if anybody is generous enough to consider that I am really worth a bob a day at this bewildering industry. As I have no facility in the use of the plough, I expect they will start me in the milking sheds; but I have already proved myself a conspicuous failure at this branch of practical politics. Once, in the country, I offered to help with the milking, and with grateful thanks they put me in a shed with one pail, one milking stool, and one evil-minded cow. Every time I put the milking stool into position, the cow moved along a bit; and I was faced with the acute problem as to whether it would be better to move the stool to the cow, or to move the cow to the stool.

❊

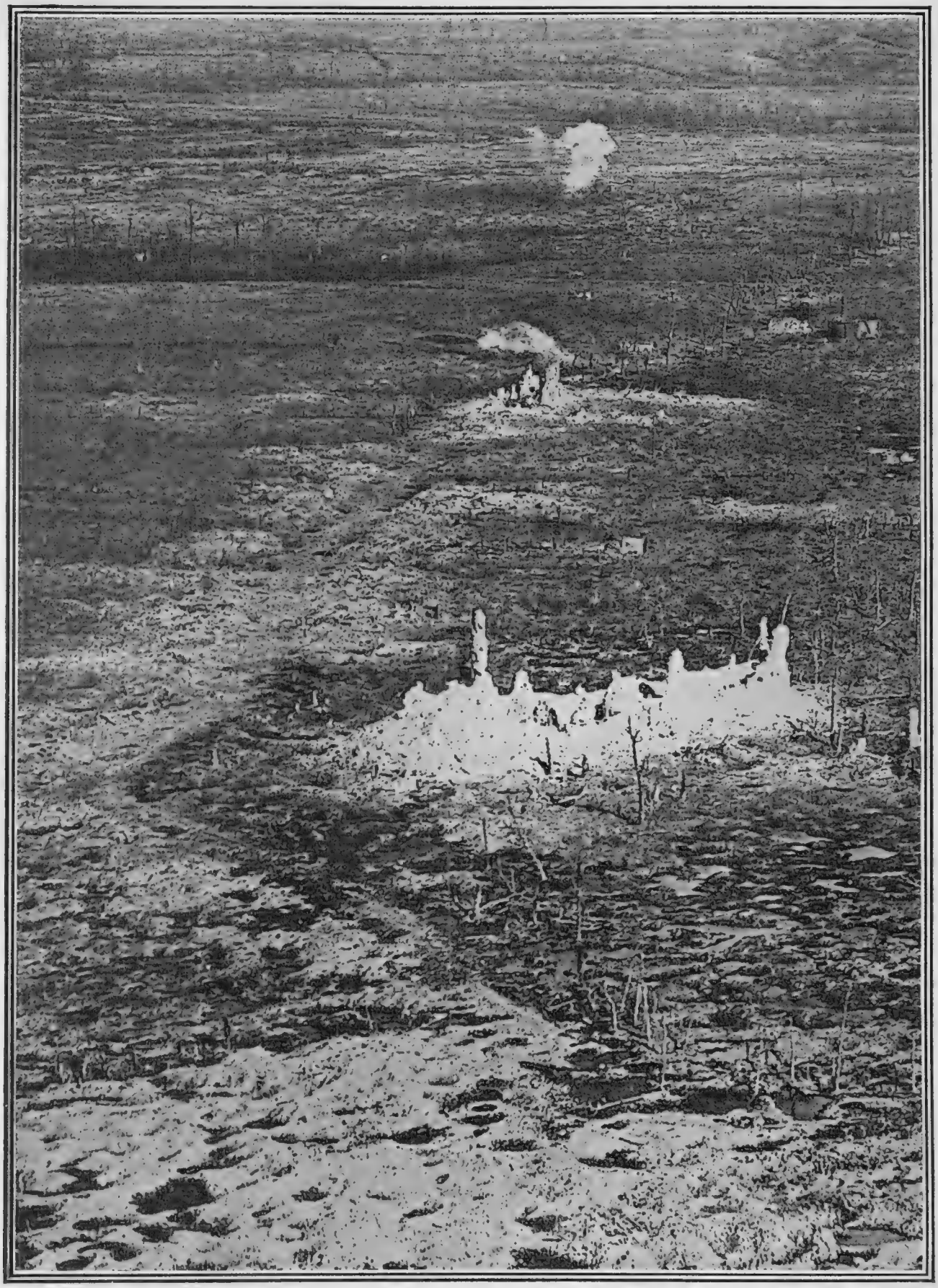
AFTER a while the evil-minded cow changed her tactics. She turned her head and looked at me as if she had heard of chaps like me before, and then began edging me back to the wall with an insidious sideways movement. As my position became rather cramped I decided to push the brute back a little. I had never before tried to push a cow away from where she has made up her mind to go, but I can now say from experience that it requires knack; and I discovered promptly that I had not got the knack. I also reckoned, by a swift feat of mental arithmetic, that at the rate she was crowding me up, it would take that cow just one minute and a half to push me into the wall to a mean depth of about six inches. I therefore hoisted the white flag, and was put on to the less exciting task of feeding the rabbits.

❊

ASSUMING, however, that the City man can become an expert milker in a hurry, we shall still be confronted with the food problem. For example, at the moment the cow is on rations, like the rest of us, with the result that she is now delivering milk at Government strength—that is, at thirty below proof, or something of that sort. This is where, as farmers, our studies in chemistry and our acumen at auction bridge will come in so handy. Will it pay us better to lend the cow rich food on the chance of getting it back a few days after date in the shape of real milk, or will it be more profitable to us to thin out the cow's menu and put up, as well as may be, with a C3 milk supply? Farming is clearly a very complicated industry that we novices may not be able to grasp all at once; but if the farmhouses of the country need us I think we ought to go.

"WASTE NOT WANT NOT"
When you drop a scrap nowadays

The Valley of Desolation



Official Photograph

How thoroughly the hideousness of war transforms a smiling garden town into a heap of ruins has seldom been better shown than in this photograph of the ruins of Zonnebeke, in the Ypres sector. The walls of the church in the foreground almost alone remain to show that the place was ever inhabited, and the broken stumps of the poplars to indicate what was once the road through the little town

"What misfortune that your husband does not make a garden"

The Bystander in Paris

THE GARDEN OF THE FORTIFICATIONS

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

ALL the little world of Paris goes to dig. It is already several weeks that the old ones, the fathers of families, began to polish them the spades and to travel to the Port Maillot or Vincennes to make their gardens in the fortifications.

❋

THE last year they made harvest of the tomatoes and the onions, the haricots and the vegetable marrows, and this year how they go to prepare a great success. "See thee, old," the wives have said to all the *bonhommes*. "The *légumes* cost dear. One clever like thou might make a garden one hundred times better than our neighbour Prosper Cornu. Not one day was there last year when I am going to the market for the *pot-au-feu* that Hortense Cornu did not say: 'What misfortune, Marie Brument, that your husband does not make a garden for the vegetables in the fortifications like my Prosper.' And see thee, old, it saves *sous!*"

❋

BUT the *bonhommes* when they go to dig do not say: "It is Marie, or Hortense, who do not give me a moment of peace till I become gardener." Oh, no! They say: "See you, old, one must do a something for the *patrie*. Me, I have sixty years, I am not general, not even colonel, and so they refuse me to carry a rifle; but one can dig. It is so one will defeat the submarine of the Boche."

❋

IN the great ditch below the wall they are very busy. One hears no noise except when the spade hits itself on a stone and the wheelbarrow which has no oil makes a squeal. It is as if Paris was distant a hundred miles, although when it is the good weather, the Sunday, there are the thousands and thousands who pass just overhead behind the trees to the Bois.

❋

EACH *bonhomme* makes his little square very neat, and there was one who tell me: "See you, mam'selle, how the sun shines here on the wall of our old Paris behind my *potager*. It is there he will ripen my *tomates*. In August they will be big and red like the sun himself when he sets behind St. Cloud."

❋

IT is not a heroic work for the fortification of Paris, which have so often made a brave battle, to support the vines of the tomatoes, but it is better than to do nothing, and for me I prefer the fortification with the quiet cabbage and the *choufleur* to the bombs and the cannon. It is well enough of these things that the Gothas give to us.

❋

MOST, it is Sunday that they work in the *potagers*, the *bonhommes* and their families. Hortense Cornu comes with her friend Marie to bring the *déjeuner* of their husbands. All the four sit on a great stone in the sun beside the wall and eat the bread and cheese and the raw onions, of which they go to grow this year themselves. And each husband and wife drinks the *pinard* from the same cup and says how it is all the more sweet. M. Cornu he makes the compliment to Madame Brument, and M. Brument, who was perhaps baptised Léon Napoleon, says how M. Cornu is the most

(*Continued on page 30*)

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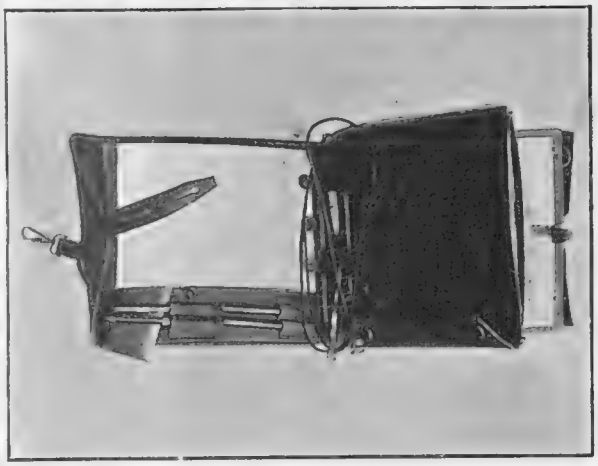

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THE SERGEANT: "Now, boys, Private Pringle is going to recite that famous poem by . . . Edgar Allan Poe, 'Quoth the Raven—Never No More!'"

"Only a hyacinth in a glass bowl"

fortunate of all to have so charming a wife.

❀

I THINK that when Madame Cornu blows out the candle at night she is not so polished. "That old *gaillard*, Brument," she will say, "with his compliments! Look out, thou, Prosper Cornu, he thinks thou wilt help him to make his *potager* and to give him of thy advice, the sly one. But think you of thy Hortense and how Marie Brument will give herself airs if her old one's onions are better than thine."

❀

THE Sundays, too, are many more people at the *potagers*—to help. The little *gosses* come with their fathers to pick up the stones and make with them foot-paths, and there are *poilus* on *permission* who make a joke to dig the trenches of the *pommes de terre* for their parents. "It is more agreeable," they call to each other, "to dig the defences of Paris than of the front line." They use the spade very fast these *poilus*, as if they had still the fear that the shells would arrive while they work.

❀

EVEN there comes when the sunshine makes warm the young girls from the great shops. It is not much that these *types* know of the agriculture. In Paris there are not of the little front gardens which make always a kind of country in the *faubourgs* of London, and only it is a hyacinth in a glass bowl that Mimi Pinson has before cultivated.

❀

BUT it is the spring time and all the world has talked much that one must grow the *légumes*. So they go too, *ces moineaux Parisiens* who have lived so long time in the roofs of Montmartre, again to the country to make pretence to work like their great-grandmothers, who were strong peasants of Normandy and the Beauce.

❀

IT was our cousin Maurice who invited us to see with him the *potagers* and the gardeners of the Sunday—for we do not by *habitude* go out that day when all the populace takes the air in the Boulevards and the Bois. "*Voilà, ma cousine*," he said to me, "there it is you will find a picture of Paris in war-time for your English friends—Mimi Pinson and her grandfather make their vegetable garden in the fortifications."

❀

HE is cynic a little, Maurice, and likes to make joke of the French working people. "The *Petit Trianon* of Mimi Pinson," he call the gardens, and he make a great shout because *un de ces moineaux* ran away fast from a caterpillar which she had dug and fell all upside down in the garden of an old one who said dreadful words.

❀

BUT it is all the same a very great work that they do, the *bonhommes* Cornu and Brument with the Mimis, to make a *potager* in the old *fosse*. The fête days of Pâques they will plant the haricots and the *petits pois* in the ground they have digged, and when the sun makes the Boulevards so hot one cannot support to walk and the trenches at the front are like frying-pans, down there in the *fosse* of Paris the little vegetables will ripen every day, green and juicy, making their part in the war. Cornu and his Hortense will have good *pot-au-feu*.

Your friend, AGNÈS

"Ran away from a caterpillar"

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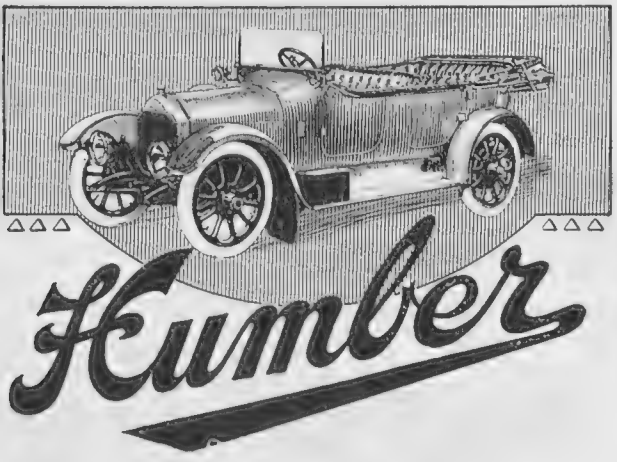

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A Small Folder giving Prices of Naval, Military, and Royal Air Force Uniforms on application (Folder 8).

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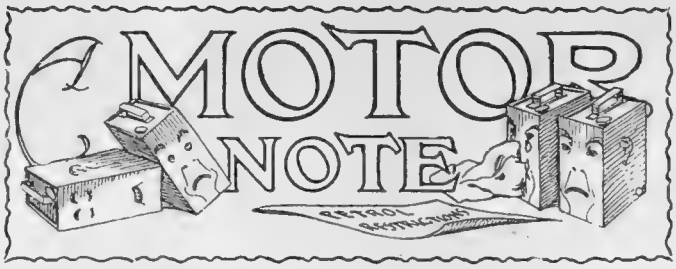

The Cost of War

WHEN we made a mess of the Rumanian oil wells to prevent them falling into the hands of the Germans as a going concern, the German wireless said that we were camouflaging the fact, and that the oilfields were doing fine, thank you. If that be true it is hard to reconcile it with the claim of the Rumanian Consolidated Oilfields Company against the British Government. The R.C.O.C. is pressing for a little matter of £1,270,724 in respect of the successful mess we made of their property. Reads as if there were more in our story than in the Teutonic version.

***

The Dear Dead Joy-Ride

THIS will only matter if the second-hand or new car you are after is required for permitted purposes, unless, of course, you are buying something you can't use in expectation of the war coming to an end in your time, or in the hope of a successful deal. Whatever the idea may be, you may have trouble about a trial run because it is a serious business for the dealer to get, as he must, a special one-day permit for the event. Expect you will have to reach the point where you definitely undertake to buy if trial run is satisfactory before you get out on the road.

On Slating Yourself

IT is quite a cheerful change to hear the American talking as if America has some real cause to think carefully concerning the industrial competition of the United Kingdom after the war. Usually it is very much the other way round. I dare say it is something of a characteristic of all peoples to exhort their fellow countrymen first. The Northcliffe-Roosevelt act expresses the idea, Northcliffe holding that we are in many ways, if not in every way, horribly slack by comparison with America, and Roosevelt holding the reverse to be the case.

***

The Anxious Yank

HERE is one American who is imagining no vain things. "Even in the midst of this war," he says, "America must prepare for the greatest trade battle that ever happened. We will be in competition with countries so wonderfully organised through this war that the old fetish of American efficiency and quantity output will be a back number. In Great Britain to-day there are 4,800 controlled factories making shells or guns or motor trucks. You ask any man who runs one of them what he is going to make after the war. He will say: "I am going to make cheap motor-cars or safety razors or novelties."

***

Organisation—Plus

GOOD! I hope he is right but also I hope the wonderful organisation of war, which means organisation without a competitive factor in operation, will also mean wonderful organisation when up against the conditions of "the greatest trade battle that ever happened." There is your test. The war market is sure. The price presents no difficulty; but the peace market is not sure, and the price depends upon the competitor and his organisation and the raw materials available, and—a host of other similarly important conditions outside of you. And so, there is rather tragic need to see not only that the plant is there, but that production is organised.

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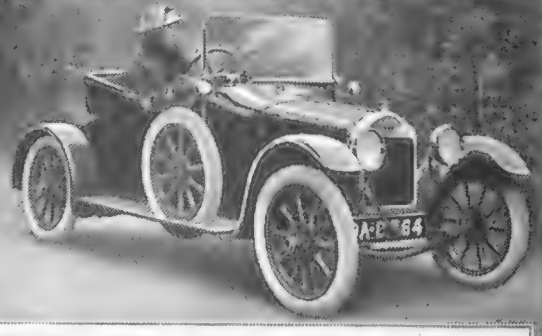

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Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

It is, in a manner of speaking, something of a revelation even to those of us who are in the midst of it, to observe the calm *carry on* of the shopping world, both here and in Paris. Each restriction as it comes along—and the fates alone know they are sufficient to daunt the stoutest heart—is met in the same dauntless spirit that nothing short of complete extinction will, we may rest assured, ever quell.

Spring models are at last really with us, and while there is nothing of very drastic difference, there is quite sufficient variety in material and seasonable expressions to allure and interest, while later developments may certainly be looked for. Summer frocks hovering on the horizon promise much daintiness, in the creation whereof cotton voiles are likely to play an important rôle. Meanwhile the spring tailor-made is the first purchase, and one that exacts immediate attention.

❀

A Maître Tailleur Des Dames

It has been for some time an open secret, among those of us in the know, that Samuel Bros., of children's outfitting renown, have at their 221, Oxford Street, Branch been building up a ladies' tailoring department. With exceptional resources at their bidding, and knowledge and experience of the higher branches of tailoring, these authorities are just now specialising in the severe tailor-made suit.

An example of what this Oxford Street house is turning out has been sketched by our artist. A coat and skirt in the favourite grey-over-check gentlemen's tweeds, the coat cut on habit lines, with that subtle *soupçon* of fit than which nothing is more difficult to produce to its best perfection. The collar is faced with black velvet, and from thence descend long graceful revers, the fronts closing at the base of these with a single button; and with this there goes a pleated skirt equally admirably handled in every way.

A COAT AND SKIRT
In grey-over-check tweeds at Samuel Bros.'

Samuel Bros.' prices for made-to-order tailor-mades range from 6½ guineas in tweeds, smart navy and gabardine models rising a guinea, an experienced man mufti tailor being responsible for the perfect accuracy of line, and irreproachable finish.

While of still more recent date there has been opened a ladies outfitting and *lingerie* section, together with one devoted to boots and shoes. A very cursory glance over the *lingerie* suffices to bring conviction that the latest and best Parisian decrees only are recognised exquisitely dainty confections of *crêpe de Chine*, crystalline, etc., arresting the eye on every side.

Something of a special feature, both in point of quality and price, is made of sports coats, those of wool, really high-class quality, coming out at 2 guineas, and silk at 45*s*. And there is a unique offer of mercerised hosiery at 2*s*. 6*d*. per pair.

As usual, Samuel Bros. are equipped to the last word in both boys' and girls' school outfits, which they are endeavouring to keep as near as is possible to old-time prices; and to aid selection and also avoid omission they have recently brought out a duplicate list, which embraces all requirements for a boy's school outfit, that has been compiled on official inventories issued by all the public school authorities. To parents dealing with a first outfit, these lists are invaluable, and they can be obtained on demand from either 221, Oxford Street, or 65, Ludgate Hill.

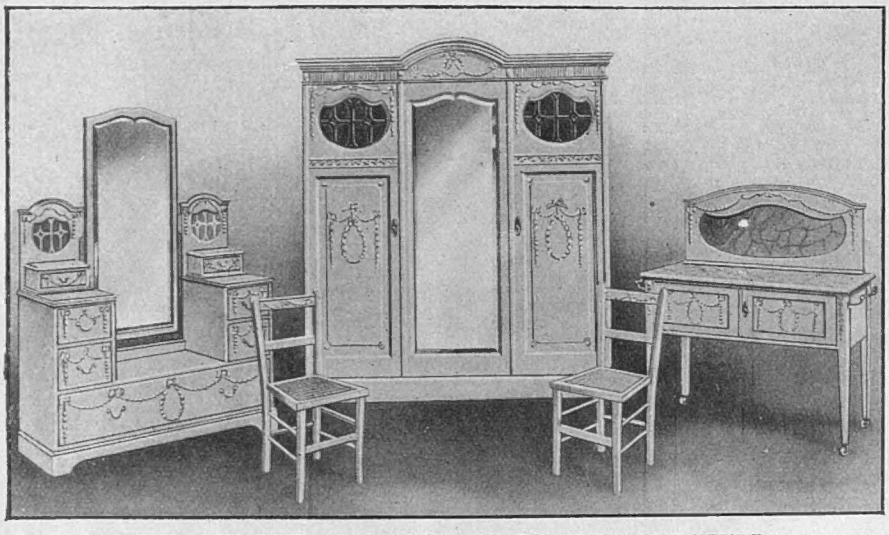
(*Continued on page 42*)

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

100,000 Umbrellas and "En Tout Cas"

THE stupidity and false economy of buying umbrellas casually and anywhere, without name or any prestige, has frequently been enlarged upon in these columns. A good umbrella or *en tout cas* is never to be mistaken. Both impart an air of unquestionable finish to outdoor attire. Now, on the making of these necessaries there is no greater authority than John Leader, a firm who manufacture everything sold in the various shops distributed about the West End under the name of John Leader. One particularly handy depot is that at 13A, Belgrave Mansions, Buckingham Palace Road, another at 14, Terminus Place, Victoria; also 166, Strand, and Liverpool Street Arcade.

At each of these shops there is to be found the same lavish display and choice, the militaire type of handle, as behoves the moment, standing easily in the front rank, although there is no lack of selection in beautiful ivory, tortoiseshell, silver, and horn handles. John Leader sells a guinea umbrella for ladies that cannot be surpassed in appearance, worth, or value.



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The Home Beautiful

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the printing of this issue, Williamson and Cole, of Clapham, will issue their latest illustrated catalogue, a brochure that for refinement, taste, and rarely beautiful reproduction prints—many in colours—certainly beats all previous records. And that is high praise, for we have come to expect much from this firm, who lead in such individual manner in both furnishing and furnishing fabric realms.

More exhaustive than ever is the range of novelties offered in printed furnishing cottons, an innovation that is bound to make big history, being the introduction of what Mr. Cole terms the Modern English School. Briefly this is the outcome of the Futurist movement, the wonderful colours being of that school, and are accepted

(Continued on page 44)

Look Your Best

Look your best always—you owe it to your friends, your relatives and yourself. Be economical too—don't order new clothes but have the old ones made to look like new by the Achille Serre process. As a trial order, send a suit, costume, dress or blouse to be cleaned, renovated, and restored to shape by Achille Serre. It will cost but a trifle—yet will save you a lot.

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FASHION'S FANCIES (*concluded*)

and used in the expressing of more natural designs. The effects are mainly got by blobs of colour, but the designs display more sequence of thought.

This is a profoundly interesting departure, and the artists in the firm are now deep in the composing of schemes showing how this modern English school of printed designs can be used to bring about the best and most artistic effects. The daring of their colouring requires that they be handled with discretion, probably tempered by a self-toned material.

Following on the same lines, but in less pronounced form, is a new curtain, the "Eurydes" of *rep de luxe*, in dull colours mostly, trimmed down the sides with a broad black ribbon *galon* worked at wide intervals with small clustered dice in green and rose, and bordered with a pin line of blue and white, two narrow lines of the dice-decked *galon*, furthermore, appearing a foot or so from the bottom of the curtain. A curtain also of peculiarly handsome and arresting character, and very much to the taste of the day, is the "Aureal." This, of black satin cloth, is bordered to a great depth with velvet, on which a bold conventional design is embroidered in wool; or, if preferred, some rich colour, such as orange satin cloth, may be used, with a black velvet border.

A PAGEANT IN AID OF THE BOY SCOUTS
Was held at Waring and Gillows' White City factory a week or two ago and was a great success. Our photograph shows some of the pageanteers

For cheapness Williamson and Cole have never surpassed their new "Annesly" curtain, which runs through the customary exhaustive selection of colours, adorned with a flowered *galon*. These, 3½ yards long, come out at only 29*s*. 11*d*. the pair. While their extraordinarily beautiful Delphinium design, *appliqué* on to a superior quality coloured Bolton sheeting, are only 39*s*. 11*d*.

With furniture at prohibitive prices, it cannot fail to interest many to learn that Williamson and Cole have a large stock they are selling at the smallest possible profit. As indication of this we are showing the "Charlemont," a charming white bedroom suite, comprising a double 6 ft. wardrobe with full-length mirror, a novel and most practical form of Duchesse dressing-table, marble back washstand, and three chairs, and only costing 56 guineas.

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